

RECKLESS RALPH's

DIME NOVEL ROUNDUP

OFFICIAL ORGAN-HAPPY HOURS BROTHERHOOD.

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TALKED ABOUT PEOPLE.

(SINCLAIR TOUSEY, President of the American News Company, by J. Alexander Patten, appeared in the Saturday Journal, (Beadles) for June 4, 1881.)

Of all the men of prominence in this great community of New York today, we do not know of one who is more worthy to be "talked about" and written about as an example, than Sinclair Tousey, President of the American News Co. While his earlier years were marked by a patience, an energy, and a hope, which may serve as guides to the young, his present career, in which integrity and enterprise have created for him, wealth and social standing, is not without influence upon his fellow-men. Indeed, it is in such a career as his, that the practical and actual lessons of life are to be found. It is common in our schools to tell the young that there is no such word as "fail", and that the humblest may rise to the highest positions, but we believe that such instruction would receive its greatest force and usefulness if the teacher pointed out some of the actual examples of such careers instead of leaving the matter as mere theory.

In that of Sinclair Tousey, there is unusual scope and interest, for he has not only shown a wonderful perseverance on overcoming the hardships of life, but a brilliant enterprise in business. As we follow him, step by step, it is not difficult to learn how a true boyhood can master the hardest fate, and how a true manhood can win the battle for business success.

Sinclair Tousey was born in New Haven, Conn., July 18, 1915, making him sixty-six years of age. His parents were poor, and he went to a public school only a short time. When between his tenth and eleventh year, he obtained employment in a cotton factory in Dutchess County, N.Y.. If there is any sad sight in the world, it is to behold these always pale-faced and unhappy-looking children in cotton and other factories. "I tore my fingers" is Mr. Tousey's own language, "and wearied myself out for most miserable wages." In his thirteenth year he was bound out to a farmer in Central New York, with whom he worked for three long and dismal years. His master was a veritable skinflint. On one occasion, when the boy was sent to deliver some cattle miles away, the purchaser, after paying him for the animals, gave him some money for his expenses back. Tousey, thinking to save a little, walked part of the way, and got rides gratis, for the rest, which economical proceeding left him a small balance on hand. When he reached home, the farmer questioned him, and finding that he had something left, directed him to "hand it over" which he did most unwillingly. On the next trip however, he took care to expend all the money, as he did not consider it any part of his duty to fatigue and starve himself for such a miserable specimen of humanity.. To obtain a little money in cold weather to buy mittens, none being furnished by his master, or any such necessity, he trapped foxes and sold their skins, but he had to give one-half of the proceeds to the farmer's son for the use of the fox-trap. During the whole time he was in this man's employ, the total sum received for pocket money was twelve cents. In truth, his experience on this farm was of a kind to crush all the spirit and hope in him, but it did not. On the contrary, with such a nature

as he possessed, it only made him more determined and heroic in the effort to better his condition in life.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE BEADLE'S DIME NOVEL.

This moss covered Novel I hail as a treasure
For often at noon, when returned from the
field,
I found it the source of an exquisite
pleasure;
The purest and swellest that printing can
yeild.
How ardently I seized it with hands that were
trembling
And quick in my shirt bosom dropped it and
stood,
'Till soon, with perfections of quiety dis-
sembling,
I sneaked in the woodshed, and there on the
wood,
The Indian dime novel, the yellow-bound
novel;
The Beadle's Dime Novel, I had in the wood.
How sweet from the green mossy wood to
receive it,
As, posed on a log, I reclined on my hip;
Not a full blushing gibblet could tempt me
to leave it.
Though filled with the nectar that goddess-
os sip.
And now far removed from the loved
situations,
No tear of regret could I shed if I would
For Westbrook puts out from his Cleveland
plantation,
The same old dime novel that lay on the
wood;
The Indian dime novel-the yellow bound novel;
The Beadle's Dime Novel I hid in the wood.

STUART CLOSE M.J.

"DIAMOND DICK"

Author, Dies in Rustic.

In an atmosphere, the opposite to that he created in his tales of "Diamond Dick", and later "Nick Carter", George C. Jenks, author and newspaper writer, died in the hamlet of Owasco, to which he came eighteen years ago, after the heyday of his career. Death came on September 14, 1929 after an illness of two weeks.

In 1895, Jenks began his famous series of Diamond Dick, which continued for several years. At times he was forced to write as much as 10,000 words a day to keep pace with his publishers. Even with that tremendous output, his financial remuneration was comparatively small. Following the death of the originator of the "Nick Carter" Series, Jenks continued the work. Jenks also wrote many a story for Beadle & Adams, in their Dime & Nickel Novels, Libraries, etc., such as Beadles Dime Library and Half-Dime Library, also some others. He was a member of the HAPPY HOURS BROTHERHOOD in 1927, becoming Honorary Member in 1928.

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POPULAR AMERICAN NOVELS.

Item No. 14--Ornum Co's Fifteen Cent Romances, Size, $5\frac{1}{2} \times 8$ inches; one column to the page, 98 or more pages, with illustration on front cover. It started in the 700 and sure featured some dandy stories, such as: No. 1, The Mysteries of the Night, or, Life Scenes in New York. No. 2. Will Waffles, or the Freaks & Fortunes of a Newsboy... No. 3. Old Hundred Scalps, or, A Wild Tale of the Woods.. No. 4. The Hand of Death... No author's names given...

(This reprint of the original was made in April, 1959)

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RALPH F. CUMMINGS.

FISHERVILLE, MASSACHUSETTS.